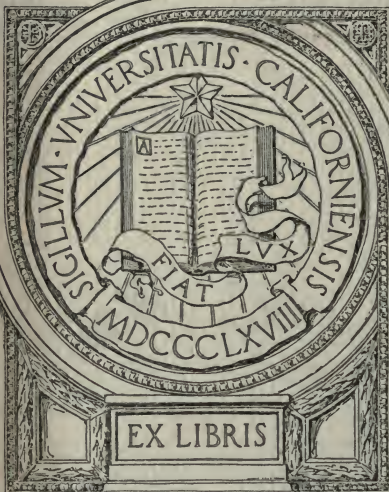




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# HENRY'S GLASS EYE STORY



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To folks with grey matter,  
who have had experiences with  
sickness, doctors and healing friends,  
and who would like to learn  
how to enjoy misery,  
this booklet is comradely dedicated by

*Freedom Hill Henry*

his  mark

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## HENRY'S GLASS EYE STORY

Read before the Cranks' Convention on  
Freedom Hill, September, 1918.

I have a glass eye. And since we are friends and interested in each other, you are interested in my glass eye. So I will tell you about it. And if you will listen to my glass-eye story, I will listen to your tale of woe the next time something happens to you. My glass eye is a new one of the reformed style. I bought it at a regular glass-eye store and paid cash for it. Later I will explain how I happened to have enough money left to buy a glass eye, after incurring the expense of getting rid of the old one.

During the last Cranks' Convention my eye became affected. I consulted a couple of eye specialists. They told me the name of the disease, which eased it some, and gave me medicine to use on it which eased it more. It soon became about well, apparently. But later it became worse. Then I took a hike with some friends into the

mountains and that apparently made it very bad. In speaking of medical things I have to use the word "apparently" quite often in order to be truthful. In medical practice only two things are known with certainty: One is, sulphur will cure the itch—sometimes; and the other, castor oil will physic—generally.

It was foolish for me to take the hike under the circumstances. My reason said I shouldn't. But my life is not governed by reason. It is governed by—well if I understand the matter right, my life is governed by desires and emotions and passions. I don't do what my reason tells me is best, but what my feelings and desires direct me as most pleasant for the time being. So my life is governed by the same things that yours are, which accounts for my doing so many foolish things.

I once saw an advertisement of a book entitled, "The Rational Life." I bought the book, but I have not yet been converted to its teachings. I am convinced in my head that I ought to live the rational life. But my head is so loosely connected with the balance of my body, that my body doesn't pay much attention to what my head thinks.

Before changing my life I have to have my heart converted as well as my head convinced. In fact, it is not important about the head being convinced. If my heart is converted I will change my life



without consulting my head. Some rationalist ought to hold a revival meeting in Billy Sunday's Tabernacle and convert people to the rational life—hypnotize them into hitting the rational trail; and then they would do more rational things and fewer foolish ones. I need to be the first trail hitter.

The second day after I returned from the hike, my eye became so bad that I had to stay in a dark room in the day time and sleep at night with my eyes shut. The sore eye became blind, and the well one was sympathetically affected and was so sensitive to the light that I had to cover both eyes with dark blinds when I walked out in the daylight.

At this time I was at home and I reported my condition to the doctor and he sent me medicine and directions. I let the case rest in the hands of my physician and his partner. They having made a study of eye troubles for years, I supposed they knew more about the case than myself or friends who had not made a special study of the subject. But I was soon told of my mistake.

The more one studies a subject, the more he realizes how little he knows. And the less one studies a subject, the more he thinks he knows about it. The more you know, the less you think you know; and the less you know, the more you think you know. If you would be wise on a subject,

read only one book about it. Then you will know all about it. If you read a second book you will find it contradicts some of the teachings of the first book, and then you will not be sure which to believe. If you read a dozen books on the subject, you will find nearly everything in any one book contradicted by one or more of the other books, and then you will be sure of but little. The more you learn the less you know.

The man who has read only "Nature Cure in a Nutshell" by Dr. Egotism, knows all about curing eye troubles and stomach troubles and liver troubles and all other troubles of the physical body. In order to learn how to cure domestic troubles, one has to read "How to Be Happy Though Married," by A Drummer. But we are dealing now with physical troubles.

The man who has read a library of medical books and constantly practiced their remedies for years, knows but little about curing eye troubles or any other troubles. The more you know about a subject the more liberal and tolerant you are. The less you know, the more dogmatic and intolerant you are. Intolerance exists with ignorance; tolerance comes through knowledge.

After spending one month at home, I moved to the city where I could be led daily to the doctors' office for treatment. In the city my friends visited me and one

by one, began to tell me of their eye remedies. One insisted that I drop my ignorant doctors and try his sure cure remedy, and I would soon be well. Of course, my healing friends were right. I now realize as never before that everybody knows that a man who has attended medical school for three or four years, and practiced and studied for ten or twenty years, cannot possibly know as much about curing sore eyes as the man who has carefully read Ayer's Almanac, or taken a three months' course in chiropractic, or read a popular book on nature cure, or experimented with Epsom salts. So my wise, healing friends, who knew more than the doctors, and who were sincerely interested in my welfare, began to offer me remedies, freely, unselfishly, wishing to do me good.

One suggested liver poultices; another emphasized Epsom salts; another advised hot applications; another cold applications; another white of egg poultices; another cold baths; another chiropractic; another Christian science; another zone therapy. And still another told me when I had failed everywhere else to come to her and she would cure me.

It is surprising how many people have missed their proper calling. Most doctors should not have been doctors because they don't know anything about healing people. And most people who are not doctors should have been doctors because they

know so much about healing. When I am elected to the legislature I shall pass a law permitting any and everybody to practice medicine. And after that, it will be only a short time until sickness will be no more. The vast amount of healing knowledge and power of our fond friends will be turned loose, the regular doctors will be run out of business, the undertakers will starve to death, and graveyard investments will not pay a dividend.

I wanted to please every one of my friends. It is more pleasant to say yes than no, and I wanted to try every one of their remedies to please them and keep up a continued pleasant relationship between them and myself. And doubtless I would have done so except for one reason—I had nine remedies offered me and only one sick eye to experiment on. With my limited knowledge of arithmetic I could not figure out how I could cure one sick eye with nine separate remedies. But something had to be done. I couldn't afford to take chances of offending my good friends, which I would be doing if I didn't try all their remedies. And if I used the remedy of one of the nine and not the other eight, I would thereby confirm the friendship of the one, but offend the eight. And if I tried all their remedies it might offend my poor sick eye.

Oh! How I wished for ten eyes, one well one and nine sick ones that I might

try every one of their remedies! It would have strengthened our friendship as nothing else would. When I was in college, one of my teachers said there were two ways of making and holding friends. One way was to do a favor to the other fellow, and the other way was to let the other fellow do a favor to you. Here I had nine valuable opportunities of friendship offered me, and only one eye to accept them, and that one eye was already engaged to a couple of physicians. If I had had nine sick eyes I would have poulticed one of them with liver, slice after slice of fresh beef liver. Another I would have bathed freely with Epsom salts solution, and kept on it a cloth wet with Epsom salts. On another I would have kept a poultice of white of egg. To another I would have applied a hot fomentation seven times a day. To another, cold applications most of the time. For another eye located back of my left ear I would have tried cold packs to my body and legs. And for another eye at the back of my head I would have tried chiropractic spinal adjustments. And for the eye in the center of my forehead I would have tried Christian science. And for the ninth I would have pinched my fingers with zone therapy. And when my nine eyes were all thoroughly blind I would have gone to a surgeon and had them all removed at one operation, having one good eye left to en-

joy looking at my friends when visiting them.

Sometime when I am in the proper mood I am going to invent a new method of healing—a method more foolish, if possible, than any method known at present. I am not sure that I am smart enough, or should I say, foolish enough, to do it. I would like to see a method tried that was more remote from reason, sense and science than any present system. Judging from the success of other systems I think my new system will become very popular; and also profitable to the undertaker. Most people can be convinced that black is white if you argue the question strong enough and long enough. Ignorance makes a fertile field for proselyting.

Dr. Abrams has said—but I should not quote him as a doctor because doctors do not know anything—Mr. Abrams has said that in treating a case we need to know not only what disease the patient has, but also what patient the disease has. It is not simply a question of treating a certain disease but of treating the patient, taking into consideration the condition of his whole body and mind. If a man has inherited a poor constitution, lived unhygienically, has poor digestion, a worn-out liver, weak kidneys, constipated bowels, his flesh filled with waste matter, and his blood saturated with impurities, and he gets inflammation of the eye, he would

be a hard case to cure. He might apply liver to his eye for three months, or take chiropractic adjustments for two months, or apply a barrel of Epsom salts to his eye, or use three dozen white-of-egg poultices, or use hot fomentations till his eye was done, or cold applications for seven weeks, or cold packs all winter, or ninety dollars' worth of Christian science, or as much zone therapy as he could stand, and his eye would grow worse till it became blind and useless and dangerous.

On the other hand if a man has inherited a good constitution, has lived a simple, healthful life, has good digestion, active liver and kidneys, flesh free from waste matter, abundant internal secretions, good circulation, pure blood and optimistic outlook, and he should get an inflamed eye, his eye could be cured with one application of beef liver, or with one dram of Epsom salts, or with one good hot application, or half a cold application, or the white of one egg, or a couple of cold baths, or one chiropractic adjustment, or an absent Christian science treatment, or one good pinch of the fingers, or by doing nothing at all for a day or two. It is not simply a question of disease, but chiefly a question of condition of the patient.

All sore eyes may look alike to you and for all of them you may prescribe the same kind of treatment. But to the eye specialist a plexiform neuro-fibroma is different



from an ankylo blepharon. Beef liver might cure one while the other might require Christian science, or maybe devilish science. To the eye specialist there is a difference of condition and of treatment between lachrymal ophthalmia and lithiasis conjunctivae, between phlyctenular keratitis and spastic mydriasis. I mention these names of eye diseases to let you know that doctors know a lot of horrible words even if they haven't a sure cure for them.

I am not unaware that some of our infallible health books teach us that there is only one disease, impurity, and only one cure, purification. That is about as simply and truthfully told as a medical education could be told in one sentence. It is very well adapted to the one who has time to read only one book. But nature is not so simple, brief and plain. When the Lord and Darwin created the world and established its laws they had not read any of our modern, simple, nutshell books on the laws of disease and cure. And in their ignorance they got things so mixed up that a whole library of medical books can not straighten out all the tangles. I think if they were now building another world, they could do much better by simplifying things to fit our capacity.

My relationship with my friends who offered me remedies has not been altogether pleasant on either side. I was grieved



that I could not use all their remedies. And they were grieved that I did not use them and thus get cured quickly. But all unpleasantness works for good in some way. In fact I think all things work for good, including the pleasant ones. But it is sure that the unpleasant ones do, so we may always rejoice when something bad happens, because we know some good will come from it. And in this case the unpleasantness between myself and friends has benefited me by giving me a clearer understanding of human nature. So the next time I will not be so easily grieved at the friendly intolerance of my good friends who want to do me good. It is simply a fact in nature—in human nature—that most people are not able to look at their own ideas with the same glasses that they look at other people's ideas. We look at our own ideas with a microscope and we find them large and broad and far superior to any others. We look at other people's ideas with smoked glasses, and we find them dim, narrow, crooked, and of little consequence. Please understand I am not finding fault. It is all right and it is the proper way for us to do until we learn better. If we didn't have the conceit machine that the Lord installed in the white matter of our brain we would find but little enjoyment in life. With our conceit, we can enjoy all our ignorance believing it to be knowledge. The other fellow's

knowledge we call ignorance. When we really get knowledge we can enjoy it, and then we will not need conceit any longer and we can bury it in Freedom Hill cemetery, or some other cemetery.

And my friends who were grieved that I did not follow their advice were benefited, too. They did what they thought was the right thing to do, and that is what we should always do. Their consciences are clear. And their uneasiness caused by my not taking their advice will help them to learn that they should not worry whether I take their advice or not. Every unpleasantness that comes to us is to teach us something that we need to know. And the friend who was annoyed that I did not try his cure needs to learn that he is not responsible for what I do. After he freely offers me his cure then the burden rests with me. He needs to learn that I have a right to be sick, a long time, and go blind, and maybe go dead. That's my business and not his, and he shouldn't worry about it. My friends do not know whether I ought to have two eyes or one eye or no eye. And they should not worry about the number I have. It is always safe to let the other fellow do his own worrying.

My nine healing friends can have the pleasure of saying "I told you so." Each one of them knows that if I had taken his advice and let the doctors alone I would

now have two good eyes. And each of the nine probably also knows that if I had taken the advice of any of the other eight instead of his own, I would not now have even one good eye. I am content; and my friends will have to bear with it the best they can. I once heard a story of a young doctor who went to attend his first confinement case. One of his college professors met him later and asked him how he got along with the case. And he answered, "I got along very well; the baby is dead, and the mother will not live, but I think I can save the father."

My problem is to save my friends from grieving over the loss of my eye. For their comfort I would raise the question, is the loss really a loss or is it a gain? Who is wise enough to answer? Maybe with one glass eye and one honest eye I can better see the truth about life and duty and service and my proper relationship with my neighbors, and think better thoughts. I am not wise enough to tell. To answer these questions will require a person who understands the laws of the universe better than I do, and who understands the purpose of sickness in the scheme of life, and the purpose of life itself. This world with its institutions of pain and picnics, sickness and health, joy and sorrow, was created by a wiser head than mine. I am allowed to criticise the governor and the president, but I don't

feel inclined to criticise the Creator for fear I might afterward find out I was mistaken and He right.

The difficulty is that my friends do not understand that I am a peculiar crank. Nature has made an entirely different set of laws and regulations for me; just for me alone and not applicable to any of you. I am governed by a peculiar mystical system; a system that is invisible, intangible, undemonstratable, unprovable, and unbelievable. I am especially protected by the gods, so that no harm can come to me. Nothing ever happens to me but what I deserve. I never get stung unless I go too close to a wasp's nest. I never get sick unless I need to. Nobody is ever unjust to me. Nobody steals anything from me but what I can get along without. I never lose an eye that I have to have. People who don't pay what they owe me, suffer for it more than I do. I never have any bad luck. My luck is all horseshoe luck. I carry a horseshoe in my head where most people carry horse sense. My friends do not understand me. Because they have bad luck and have terrible things happen to them that ought not happen, they imagine I am subject to the same misfortunes. They don't know that nature has provided an entirely different set of laws for my government. If any of them would like to transfer their allegiance from their un-

lucky, haphazard, uncertain government, to my peculiar and special laws of life that are certain and always just, I am willing to pray for them at Christian Science prices.

Some remedies in order to be effective must be begun early enough. Henry Ward Beecher, when asked to give directions how a young man might succeed in life, said that the first thing a young man should do who wished to succeed, was to choose the right parents. We see the importance of his advice. But probably we would not need to begin so early to cure a sore eye. If I had begun taking cold baths three or four years ago; or begun taking chiro-practic two years ago; or Christian Science a year and a half ago; I might have gotten my system in such good condition that a sore eye could have been cured by anything. Or, possibly the eye would not have gotten sore. But I am only a human being and do not plan so far ahead. After the horse is stolen I lock the barn door.

I can not see with my glass eye. It is not for me to look with but for you to look at. I was not fooled in buying it. I knew when I bought it that it was totally blind and that I could never see with it. I can not see you with it; but you can see me with it. In fact I bought it chiefly for your benefit. You like to look at beautiful things, and a glass eye is more beautiful than an empty socket. But I didn't

buy it wholly for your benefit. I bought it partly to fool you, for my own pleasure. When you see that cavity occupied by a glass eye, it gives you a better impression of me. It gives you the impression that perhaps other cavities are occupied also by something; that my stomach has food in it; that my pocket is filled with money; that my skull has brains in it; and that my heart is filled with kindness. Whereas, if you saw that eye socket empty you might think that these other cavities were also empty. I would feel very badly to have you think that. I want you to think that I have money, that I have kindness, that I have brains, and that I have some other things that I have not got. And therefore I wear a glass eye, hoping to deceive you.

I may as well confess to you that a great deal of my life is sham, trying to deceive other people and have them think well of me. When I go out in company, I wash my face and hands to make people believe my whole body is clean. At a cafeteria I fill up my tray to make people believe I can afford to live well. I try to say smart things in company to make people think I am really smart. I read the popular novels to make people believe I am literary. Occasionally I say Darwin or vibration or molecule to give the impression that I am scientific. I say Jesus or hell to make people think I am religious. And I



tell what I heard in Honolulu or Mexico to make people think I have traveled. The meaning of the word honesty has not entered my heart. It has only gotten into the front of my skull and plays between there and the tip of my tongue.

But I wonder if I succeed in fooling you. Possibly you know I am only shamming just like—just like—well there was never anything like it before with which to compare it. I am the original and only genuine humbug—present company excepted.

You cannot imagine the many advantages of a glass eye. One of my friends wrote me that a glass eye was valuable for looking at unpleasantness in people and things. If I can learn to use only my glass eye in looking for faults and meanness in people, I shall not be able to find any imperfections in them and shall think more highly of them. If I use my glass eye enough I will become a Christian Scientist. A good Christian Scientist does not see any evil, nor sickness nor poverty, nor any kind of unpleasantness. My glass eye is a very good Christian Science eye. When I look for anything I don't want to see, I shall look for it with my glass eye. When I look for something I want to see, I shall use my honest eye.

Sunny Jim tells a story of a captain on a ship who was told by one of his officers during a battle that their admiral's ship was flying the signal to retreat; at which the

captain put up his spy glass to his glass eye and looked at the admiral's ship for the retreat signal. He turned to his officer and said, "I see no signal to retreat. Go on with the fight." This they did and won a great victory.

Since I have learned the great advantage of having a glass eye, I am thinking of getting a glass ear, and a glass tongue, and then I shall have a complete Christian Science outfit. Then when my friends begin to tell me about the meanness of their neighbors and enemies, I shall close my honest ear and turn my glass ear to them and I shall hear no evil. With my glass tongue I can speak no evil. I shall then be as harmless and happy as the three little terra cotta monkeys you have seen in the shops, who could see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

If you knew the advantages of glassware, you would all buy glass eyes and glass ears and glass tongues, and become Christian Scientists. I would especially like that some of my visitors should provide their mouths with glass tongues. And for their own protection they could bring along glass ears.

After my eyes were well, I asked my doctors how much I owed them, and they said that I owed them nothing. This was a sign that they were not treating me for my money but for my eye. When they etherized me and removed the useless eye,



they did not at the same time remove my purse. Even doctors possess some good traits. In fact doctors would be fairly respectable if there were not so many people who are wiser than they about healing. The trouble with doctors is that they have read so much medical literature that they don't know anything; while some other people have read so little that they know it all. Neither did my nurse charge anything for her services. And now you see why I had enough money left after getting well, to buy a glass eye.

There is a reason for most every thing under the sun, and perhaps the reason my nurse charged me nothing, was because I once nursed her through a severe sickness and did not charge her. And the winter before I was sick, I had treated one of my doctors and did not charge him. As far as I know I had never done anything for my other doctor. But maybe I shall have a chance to, in the future, and thus get even with him.

My case is an evidence to the doctrine that we get treated as we treat others. Of course you who are wiser than I, know that this is not always true. But if I were making a world and colonising it with human beings, I would arrange matters so that every man would be rewarded for every good thing he did and punished for every mean thing. Every kindly act or thought that we extend

toward another person or thing should receive its reward, and every malicious thought or act should be punished. As we treat others, so should we be treated, and I would make the arrangements so sure and solid that no one could escape reaping what he had sown by running off to Canada or Mexico, or by joining the masons or the church.

This doctrine is similar to the doctrine of the man who sings through the graphophone and says:

“I never done nothin’ to nobody,

“I never got nothin’ from nobody, no time,

“And until I get somethin’ from somebody, sometime,

“I don’t intend to do nothin’ for nobody, no time.”

When I get my world made and in good running order, so that everybody is sure to get his reward, then nobody will ever hesitate to be good to everybody else, because he will be sure of his reward, and no one will ever dare be mean to anybody else, because he will be sure of his punishment.

Then the graphophone man will not hesitate about doing good to somebody else first, instead of waiting for the other fellow to begin it.

Before getting my glass eye, the two empty eyelids looked lean and hungry and lonesome. They looked like two hungry

jaws with nothing to eat; or, to use a more poetic figure of speech, they looked like two lips with nothing to kiss, or two arms with nothing to hug. They looked starved and empty and cheerless. But now, that they have a glass eye to love and caress and warm, they look more contented and happier. Eyelids, like human beings, need something to love—anything. It is interesting to note what some people can love. I knew a woman in Indiana who loved a dirty, little dog. And I heard of another one who hugged a pillow at night for want of something better. If I were prescribing for a patient who was troubled with constant leanness and chronic hunger, general dissatisfiedness and everlasting pessimism, I would prescribe love powders, one dose three times a day until the patient fell in love with something—with some cause, or work, or some theory, or even with a dog or a human. A good case of love will fill out wasted muscle, brighten the eyes, raise the corners of the mouth, stimulate the liver and the spleen, hasten the circulation, and replenish lost energy. It will limber stiff joints and stiffen limber backs. It gives a woman the comfortable supporting feeling that is given by a good corset. It fills an old man with the sportive energy of a twenty-two-year old.

My healing friends who offered me remedies, I am now sure are my friends. They are reliable, dependable friends. It is

sometimes handy to know who your genuine friends are. I now know who to depend upon in case of trouble. I now know who to ask to lend me fifty cents to buy a French dinner, or to help me dig fish worms to go fishing. If I get sick again I know who to invite to visit me, to read to me or to render any other service that I may need.

My friends who did not offer me a remedy I shall hereafter look upon with suspicion. Either they are not genuine friends interested in my welfare, or they did not know a remedy for sore eyes, or they were willing to give me the freedom to do as I pleased about my eyes and remedies and doctors.

If they are false friends, their falsity will rest upon their own heads and not upon mine. Emerson says that nobody can hurt us but ourselves; and Emerson is about as good authority as Paul. So the falsity of friends can not hurt me. As long as I honestly love them I am safe. If I am false to them, or fail to love them, I injure myself. It is not the eye remedies offered that hurts my eye, but the remedies I accept and use. We suffer only for the advice we take and not for the advice offered us.

If my friends who did not offer me a remedy, failed to do so because they didn't know any, then they are to be excused. Some people have one kind of talent and

some, another. Possibly these remedy-lacking friends are wise in other directions. When I lose my fortune, possibly they may tell me how to get on my feet again, and thus show a genuine interest in my welfare.

If they failed to offer a remedy for the reason that they were willing to let me do as I pleased with my own eye, then they are to be excused for their seeming neglect. Possibly they thought that by letting me follow my own course, I would thereby learn the folly of my way. Experience is the great teacher in life. And if we were kept in the straight and painless way by the advice of our friends, we would miss the valuable experiences of the by-ways and side-ways. Virtue consists not in avoiding mistakes, but in learning the lessons of mistakes.

My painful experience taught me that happiness does not consist in the number of eyes a man has, nor in the size of his bank account, nor in the number of friends he has. But happiness seems to consist in the state of his mind. To be happy we don't have to have two eyes nor five thousand dollars, nor seven faithful friends, nor even good health. To be always happy we need only to change our minds and get some of our crooked notions straightened out.

While lying abed with nothing to do but wait, I dictated to the nurse directions

about visiting a sick man, and I shall insert those directions here. But verily I say unto you, seriously, honestly and truthfully, swelpme, these directions were not the result of my own experience. I learned them by observation when I was a boy in Indiana.

## HOW TO VISIT A SICK MAN

In order to do a sick man good when you visit him, you must know how to do it in the right way.

In the first place, ask him how his doctor is treating him, and then tell him wherein the doctor is treating him wrongly. You are your brother's keeper and it is your business to protect him from all harm. By a little arguing and explaining, you may convince him that he is liable to die under such treatment as he is getting. You may save his life by getting him to drop his present doctor and send for yours. Or, better still, tell him your sure and favorite remedy. You know what cured your cousin's neighbor, and so you know what will cure your friend. Explain your treatment to him in detail so he will know the whole tale and have it to think over after you are gone.

Remember that a sick man has no rights that you are bound to respect. Do not let him get well in peace. Stimulate him by stirring up some sort of discontent in his mind.

Before you leave him tell him the story of all other people in the neighborhood who are affected with the same disease. Also tell him of those who have died with it. And describe the funerals, telling him how many carriages were in the procession and how many flowers they had. This information will cheer up your patient, for it will remind him of the beautiful funeral his own corpse would make.

If you know any interesting news about fights, divorce cases, murder trials, house-burnings, or floods, don't forget to tell him. Such news will re-act on his body and help the disease wonderfully.

If you are a religious man, remind him of his danger of hell-fire, and tell him he had better make peace with God before it is everlastingly too late. If you are a reformer or a faddist, do not fail to talk your hobby. You will succeed much better in converting him to your theories while he is negative and mentally weak and dull. The less a man thinks, the more easily is he converted to your theories.

Explain to him that the world is out of joint and that justice is not being done. Tell him it is too bad that such good man as he is should have to suffer so. Blame anything, everything, for his sickness except the man himself. Do not let him suspect that his suffering is the result of anything that he has ever done.

Visit him as often as you can until he



is out of danger, and then you can attend to your own business with a clear conscience for having done all you knew to help your friend get well.

For about four months I lay in bed with my eyes closed, the sense of sight being but little used. My ears were idle most of the time, so the second most important sense was inactive. The other three of the five senses are not of much consequence while lying in bed. So the world of sense was largely obliterated for me. I lived in another world, the mental world. It was a happy world. Imagination brought to pass whatever I wished to come to pass. I could be anywhere I wished to be, with anybody I wished and have the things happen between us that I wished to have happen. Everything came my way and I had some splendid times. If I were a writer, I could write some interesting stories about what happened to me, in various parts of the earth, while lying in bed with my eyes closed.

I think we would better enjoy life if our bodies were dead except our thinking apparatus. Our thoughts could then run free and would not be disturbed by sights and sounds and other sensations that are not wholly satisfying. The only objection I see to such life would be the difficulty of communicating our thoughts to others. At the present day there are said



to be three methods of communicating thoughts. If a person has some thoughts that he wishes to disseminate far and wide and rapidly, he will either telephone, or telegraph or tell-a-woman.

But there is also another way of transmitting thought, tele-pathy. Telepathy requires neither electricity nor wires, nor women. The thought is transmitted from mind to mind like wireless. This faculty is slightly developed in a few people to-day, and in a few hundred thousand years we can all use it. And then we will find life happier by killing off all the body except the brain. But by that time some scientist will discover a method of thinking without brains, and the brains, too, can go to the bone yard along with the rest of the physical body. And then we can soar around in space on the wings of imagination, doing as we please, communicating with others telepathically—all the troubles of this world at an end.

It was a slight shock and disappointment to me to get well—the duties and responsibilities of life to be shouldered. If I had had enough money to live on, I would have liked to remain in bed, living in that mental world, and not come back to this open-eyed world. If I could have hired a nurse who was a typewriter and a good reader, I could have remained the happiest person in Los Angeles, since Helen Keller left. She has lost enough of her

senses to become a very happy woman. It seems that the fewer senses we have the more sense we have.

I do not mean to say that I am sorry I got well. I would rather be well than sick, but I would rather be sick than not be at all. Sickness does not necessarily prevent one from being happy. After you learn the trick you can be happy though sick, as well as happy though married. And by learning one more trick, I suppose we could learn to be happy though dead. However, I can not speak of that from personal experience. But what I have told you in this story, I know from blind experience, and I am ready to swear to it.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

As I can find time I shall print a series of booklets dealing with Life and Freedom and Happiness as I have experienced them. I am still living. Really.

These are already printed:

“Freedom Hill, the Place of Evergreen Happiness.” Tells how to be happy tho’ miserable.

“Freedom From Fond Friends.” How to vaccinate against them.

“Henry’s Glass Eye Story.” Gives my experience with doctors, healing friends and enjoying sickness.”

The others to be printed, one every month or so:

“Usefulness of Useless Husbands.” Cures grass widows’ sorrows.

“My Conceit Machine.” Cures enlargement of self-esteem.

“The Divinity of the Devil.” Guaranteed to cure devilishness.

“Christian Science Soothing Syrup.” Beats Mrs. Winslow’s soothing syrup.

“How to Take People Without Getting Hurt.” Better than Sloan’s liniment.

Price twenty-five cents a dose. And if you don’t find them good medicine for what ails you, send them back and I will return your cents, accompanied with a prayer that your eyes might be opened to see the beauty of ugliness, the goodness of meanness, the divinity of the devil.







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*Heavenly*

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